

"WATER, ZAPP! WHY IS IT YOU ALWAYS GO TO MAKE IT ARGUMENT RIGHT A WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW NOODING?" Illustrations By BRIGGS

"Because, Birsy, Ven You Say Dot Roosevelt und Taft Are Not Good Friends, You're Meshuga."

Montague Glass, in His Inimitable Way, Relates the Arguments of the Two Characters Over Their Lunch at Wasserbauer's Restaurant

In This, the First of the New Glass Stories, Zapp and Birsy Are Agitated Over Second-Term Marriages, as Applied to President Wilson, Votes for Women, and Etiquette

"WELL, why not?" Louis Birsy, the real-estate, exclaimed as he sat in Wasserbauer's Restaurant with Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer.

"Sure, I know," Zapp commented, "but some fellers gets married because they don't know whether they need a wife or an ambulance."

"You should need an ambulance like President Wilson needs one," Birsy retorted. "Mr. Wilson has got his office right in his home, Zapp, and before you are through with your coffee in the morning, this is what Mr. Wilson does: He dictates to the bookkeeper a rotten letter to England that in case the shipments is delayed any longer we would positively take such steps as we think proper to protect our interests in the matter, and remain; he plays eighteen pockets golluf; he sees Bernstein, the manager of the Kaiser's Washington branch, and tells him where he belongs, and then sends out all the monthly statements between the first time when his daughter says his coffee is getting cold on him and the tenth when, she says that even though the girl would be a greenhorn she ain't goin' to stand it day after day that she ain't through washing the dishes from the breakfast before it's time to put 'em on the table again for lunch; a busy man like Mr. Wilson needs to have a wife looking after him, otherwise he will soon get his stomach in such shape that some morning when the country sausage stays an hour on the table before he eats it, instead of the regular form letter he is using for Germany, he is apt to dictate one out of his head saying just exactly what we think about it."

"Even so," Zapp said, "he's going to lose a bunch of votes out on the Pacific Coast, where ladies vote, because pretty near every married woman thinks it's a whole lot more bekovert for a widower to drink himself to death for sorrow than to get married again."

"Sure I know," Birsy agreed, "but most married women is the same as them busted presidential probabilities like Bryan and Whitman. So long as they ain't got a show in the world at it, they don't believe in no second term. As for the women, if any one of them knew a man who was going to get the wedding presents that the President would get, they'd be willing to take a chance on him, even if his matrimonial experiences made King Solomon look like a feller who would really like to get married, but didn't have the courage to go in for it to any extent."

"I thought it was etiquette that you shouldn't give the President a wedding present," Zapp said, "on account of afterwards if it comes up that he is to appoint somebody for a judge or postmaster he shouldn't have to hesitate to turn the feller down because he sent him a coffee percolator or something."

"An idea!" Birsy exclaimed. "President Wilson has such a white disposition, y'understand, that if some one sends him diamonds even he don't



"She ain't goin' to stand it day after day that she ain't through washin' the dishes."

stand a show to get appointed ash-man's helper unless he's got the necessary ability. And as for it's not being etiquette to send the President wedding presents, I bet you if Tiffany or Gormham would got on their shelves the silverware which the President would get from the House of Congress alone, for two years they would lay off their operators and double their sales force. Then there is the ambassadors and all the foreign kings and queens. Take for instance Bernstein alone. As much as that feller feels like sending the President for 25 soap wrappers a cut-glass olive dish, I bet yer the least he could got to loosen up for is a couple of thousand dollars, reckoning the regular ambassador's discount off and everything."

"Say!" Zapp interrupted. "That's all right, too, but don't you suppose all them people which is sending presents to the President also gets married once in a while, too?"

"You mean the President would got to reciprocate?" Birsy asked.

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," Zapp replied; "what I mean is that if a Congressman gives the President a wedding present, naturally it's up to the President to give a wedding present when the Congressman gets married, ain't it?"

"Admittin' that he would," Birsy said, "if 20 per cent. of the people which give the President wedding presents gets married on him, and that's a liberal estimate already, he could schenk 'em the duplicates and still be way ahead of the game. Take such an article as a sugar sifter, which every married couple is sure to get two, and it's something which if Mrs. Wilson should forget to put it on the table nobody is going to say: 'I always thought the Wilsons lived nice, but when I was there for dinner the other night they didn't have a sugar sifter to use on the lettuce salad,' and yet I bet yer half the House of Representatives would got to get married before Mr. Wilson is rid of the duplicate sugar sifters and starts giving away the duplicate olive forks."

"Still, the President must got to get a whole lot of presents before he comes out clear on the expense of making the wedding," Zapp argued.

"Not at all," Birsy said, "I see it in the paper that the wedding would be a small one and only the close friends of the bride and groom would be present."

"Then my worst enemy should got to buy the postage stamps for the invitations, mailin' 'em in unsealed en-

velopes alone," Zapp rejoined. "If I would got as many customers as a United States President has got close friends, I would rent Madison Square Garden for a showroom and use the first 22 floors of the Singer Building for manufacturing purposes. The only thing for a President to do when he gets married is to limit the affair to blood relations; otherwise he would spend the rest of his life paying off the caterer. Then, again, close friends of the President ain't always close friends of one another. Take, for example, Bernstein, the German Ambassador, and you've got to admit that so far as appearances go he's just so close a friend of the President as the English Ambassador—this here String-Beans."

"You mean Spring-Rice," Birsy corrected.

"What's the difference?" Zapp said. "When them two Close Friends get placed at table anywhere within a dozen chairs of each other it's bound to be unpleasant for the other Close Friends. I don't care if the caterer stands his own breakage and uses hotel china, even. But ambassadors ain't the only ones. I bet yer there would be plenty other Close Friends there which is going to suppress some very insulting language to each other, like Roosevelt and Taft."

"Roosevelt and Taft ain't close friends of Mr. Wilson," Birsy said.

"Yes, they are," Zapp contradicted. "Everybody expects it of them, just to show that there ain't no hard feelings, even though for the last three years them two ex-Presidents has

been getting lockjaw from not-wishin'-the-fellow-no-harm-at-that."

"Well, if Roosevelt and Taft rings in on this wedding," Birsy said, "Bryan will be there also."

"Certainly he'll be there," Zapp agreed. "Him and Mr. Wilson parted good friends, and even if they didn't Bryan knows Mr. Wilson don't mean nothing by anything he might say. Anyhow, didn't Mr. Wilson give him the desk as a farewell present? If it would be me, I would of given him the safe by swinging it out of a four-story window, and when he waves me good-by from the doorstep it is the signal that some one cuts the rope."

"Well, anyhow, Mr. Bryan would make a pretty good speech there at the wedding," Birsy said. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they already picked him out he should propose the health of the bride and groom."

"So there would be speeches at the wedding!" Zapp said.

"Ain't there speeches at every wedding?" Birsy demanded. "Roosevelt will speak also. I bet he gets up and says he hopes the bride and groom will be as happy as he has been in his married lives, and that if a hundred thousand men is landed on Long Island nothing could prevent them holding New York until every merchant rated higher than J to M, credit fair, comes across with his share of seven billion dollars. Also he wishes the bride and groom many years full of health, wealth and prosperity, and that without military



"Also he wishes the groom many years full of health."

training a nation could got exports of eighty billions annually, and what is it—am I right or wrong? Then Mr. Taft gets up and says he hopes Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's life pathway will be strewn with roses, and from what the new Governor of the Philippines is doing out there we might just as well make Japan a present of them islands and be done with it. Also he never saw a married couple who seemed to well suited to one another in everything that made for the beauty of the home, and that it's like putting chains and padlocks on the Supreme Court, if you recall a judge every time he decides that a workman should be allowed to crush his arm in machinery without being obliged to stand the additional horror of collecting damages for it from the boss, especially when the boss promised to fix the machine next week ever since January 1st, 1881."

"And what will Bryan say?" Zapp asked.

"Looky here, Zapp," Birsy said, "maybe you would like to sit here all day and tomorrow listening to a lot of nonsense, but me I got business to attend to."

(Copyright, 1915, New York Tribune)

Next Saturday Zapp and Birsy will discuss painting and collecting over their Evening Ledgers at Wasserbauer's Restaurant.

DEATHS

BROOMALL.—On December 9, 1915, ISAAC BROOMALL, 78, 80th year, relative and friend, died at the Goodland Lodge, No. 383, E. and N. M. streets, Philadelphia. Burial at the funeral home, 1000 North 10th st., on Saturday, December 12, at 10 a. m.

DEATHS

210 S. Alden st., Interment at Westminster Cemetery, Automobile funeral.

DEATHS

neighbour, John J. Kervick, 224 West Hunting st., 61st st., St. Columba's Church, at 9 a. m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

DEATHS

McGILLAN.—On December 10, 1915, CATHARINE MCGILLAN, relative and friend, also the League of the Sacred Heart Society of the American Church, are invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday, at 8:30 a. m., from the residence of her brother, FRANK MCGILLAN, 411 Baker st., South High Street, at the residence of her brother, FRANK MCGILLAN, 411 Baker st., South High Street, at 2 p. m., at his late residence, 210 S. Alden st., Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

DEATHS

Tamney, 2623 East Albert st. (18th Ward), Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Ann's Church, at 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's cemetery.

DEATHS

Donagel, Ireland, relative and friend, are invited to attend funeral, on Monday, at 10 a. m., from her late residence, 2314 Pine st., Solemn High Mass at Requiem, at St. Peter's Church, at 10 a. m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

HELP WANTED-FEMALE

NOW IS THE TIME for young ladies seeking commercial positions to consult "The Dawn" at Ledger Central, Broad and Chestnut streets, special service is rendered to STUDENTS, COLLEGIANS, BOOK-BINDERS, CLERKS through the Commercial Department. Large number of young ladies are benefited by this service.